

The most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bassianus* comes.
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrels what so ere they be.

Bassianus. Who haue we here? Romes royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of her well besceeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?

Tamora. Sawcie controuler of my priuate steps,
Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently,
With hornes as was *Aleons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon thy new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lavinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ioue sheeld your husband from his houndes to day,
Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.

Bassianus. Beleue me Queene your swartie Cymenion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
VWhy are you sequestred from all your traine,
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steede,
And wandred hether to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lavinia. And beeing intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For faulnes, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauens culloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bassia. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lavinia

of Titus Andronicus.

Lavinia. I, for their slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightie abused.

Queene. VWhy I haue patience to indure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere soueraigne & our gracious mother,
VWhy doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?

Queene. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale,
These two haue ticed me hether to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,

The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Orecome with mosse and balefull Misselto.

Here neuer shines the sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatall Rauens:

And when they showd me this abhorred pit,
They told me here at dead time of the night,

A thousand feends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades, as many vrchins,

Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it

Should straite fall mad, or else die suddainely.
No sooner had they tolde this hellish tale,

But strait they told me they would binde me here,
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewgh,

And leaue me to this miserable death.

And then they calde me foule adulteresse,
Lauicious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes,

That euer eare did heare to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:

Reuenge it as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.

Demet. This is a witnes that I am thy sonne. *stab him.*

Chiron. And this for me struck home to shew my strength.

Lavinia. I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora,

D 2

For